The VVeſt-Countrey Cheat upon Cheat;

OR,

No Jeſt like a True Jeſt.

Here in this Song you may behold and ſee,
What baſe deceit in chuſing Mates there be,
Young-men and Maidens all henceforth be wary,
Stand faſt to them you do intend to marry:
For in my mind, it ſeems ſtrange and unkind,
That Lovers now ſhould turn with every wind:
Butcher and Barber, both, pray live in peace,
And with your Wives let unity increaſe.

The Tune is, *Hy, ho, my Honey.* With Allowance.







BRave Weſt-Country blades come liſten,
I'le ſing you a harmleſs Song,
In troth it was not written,
to do any one wrong:
'Tis of a Wanton Barber,
that courted a handſome Maid,
With Complements, Gloves and Ribbins,
he woo'd her, as 'tis ſaid:
But the Butcher he cheated the Barber,
and the Barber couzen'd his Brother:
Then was this handſomely done,
for one man to cheat the other?

The Girl ſhow'd love to the Barber,
and friends gave their conſent:
The Wedding day was appointed,
to be kept in merriment.
Both Horſe and Foot was invited,
to meet'th Bride-groom and Bride:
And the Wedding-dinner provided,
this cannot be deny'd.
But the Butcher, &c.

Upon the appointed day,
the gueſts came all to Town:
'Twas pitty for to ſee
how they rid up and down.
But a pox upon ill luck,
the Barber had loſt his Mate,
For the Laundreſs of his Towels,
was turn'd to Butchers meat:
So the Butcher, &c.

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The second part, to the same tune.

When the Barber he perceived
the Butcher had stolen his Bride:
He threw by his Sizzers and Rayzers,
and readily thus reply'd:
I wish the Butcher no harm,
but would I were in the Stocks:
So the Butcher he had horns,
as large as ever had Ore.
For the Butcher, &c.

The people that came to the wedding,
went home just as they came:
And all about the Countrey,
this news they did proclaim:
How that they was deceived,
and made it forth in a word:
That the Barber had beaten the bush,
but the Butcher he catcht the Bird.
So the Butcher, &c.

Next day the Barber he,
finding himself not well:
Did promise faithfully,
to marry Coffee Nell.
But she was not good food,
nor him could satisfie:
He had rather feed upon
a good fat Chicken-Pye.
But the Butcher, &c.

The Barber shakes off Nell
and makes suit to another:
As he was cheated before,
he needs would cheat his Brother:
Then was this handsomely done?
to court his Brothers Bride,
I wish that hereafter,
the Welch-hook may slide.
So the Butcher, &c.

Now Butcher and Barber together,
I give you this advice:
Beware of the Bulls Tonight,
for it comes in a trice:
One thing I had forgotten,
which here my song doth lack,
That is, I prethee Sam,
lye closer to my back:
But the Butcher, &c.

More of the matter is,
then my song will contain:
Yet would I not have ye think,
I any man disdain.
Although the Proverbs so,
the truth it may be blam'd:
But this ye all do know,
speak truth, it can't be sham'd.
But the Butcher, &c.

At Charde also a Miller,
a Maiden there did court,
Which now has made himself
a laughing-stock of sport:
He had no silver for her,
nor had he any gold:
But in stead of leaving her the Bag,
he left his Cloak to hold:
But the Butcher, &c.

God bless the fine town of Taunton,
the Glory of the West,
For in or near that place,
was acted this pretty jest:
So to conclude my song,
I pray let it be so,
Come Brother let's shake hands,
and sing Cuckolds all a row.
For the Butcher cheated the Barber,
the Barber cozened his Brother,
Then was this handsomely done,
for one man to cheat the other?

FINIS.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.